

# Best Wit and Humor by Famous Artists for Young and Old.

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## AIN'T MEN THE WRETCHES?

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1. MRS. SNOOKS—John, dear, you spent forty minutes on the train going to the office each morning and forty minutes coming home; that makes an hour and twenty minutes each day.  
MR. SNOOKS—Yes. Why?



2. MRS. SNOOKS—Well, I am going to have you use that time in improving your mind. I have bought you pocket editions of Carlyle's works, Emerson's Essays and Plutarch's Lives. Each day I want you to take one of these works with you and read it on the train.



3. MRS. SNOOKS—Yes, here is one of the books to commence on, John, dear. Oh, just to think what an amount of knowledge you will have gained in a year. How happy and proud you will be after having read all these books.  
MR. SNOOKS—Yes, dear. I'll put it right in my pocket.



4. MR. SNOOKS (on the train)—Clara is a perfect jewel to think of getting those books so small. Why, here it is right in my inside pocket and I don't realize it is there at all. It's no bother whatever.

## RUFFLES THE MONK.

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GENTLEMEN, SEE THE BEAUTIFUL CHALLENGE CUP SIR PAUNCEFOOTE BRITON HAS SENT OVER FOR COMPETITION!



HERE'S A PICTURE OF HIS YACHT.



GREAT SCOTT! THE CUP HAS BEEN STOLEN!

POLICE! POLICE!



AHA! WELL DO I RECOGNIZE THE WORK OF THE HARLEM TERROR.

SAY, WHY CAN'T YOU PUT A STOP TO THESE MYSTERIOUS ROBBERIES?

He's No Yachtsman, but He Lifted the Cup Just the Same.

## SPOOKS.

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JUDGE SPOOK—You are accused of smiling and have been seen to look positively happy!



SPOOK—Great Scott! In all my 400 years of haunting I never met a harder one to scare!



MRS. WITCH—I use a new-fashioned sweeper all the time now, and it takes the cobwebs off the moon in a jiffy!

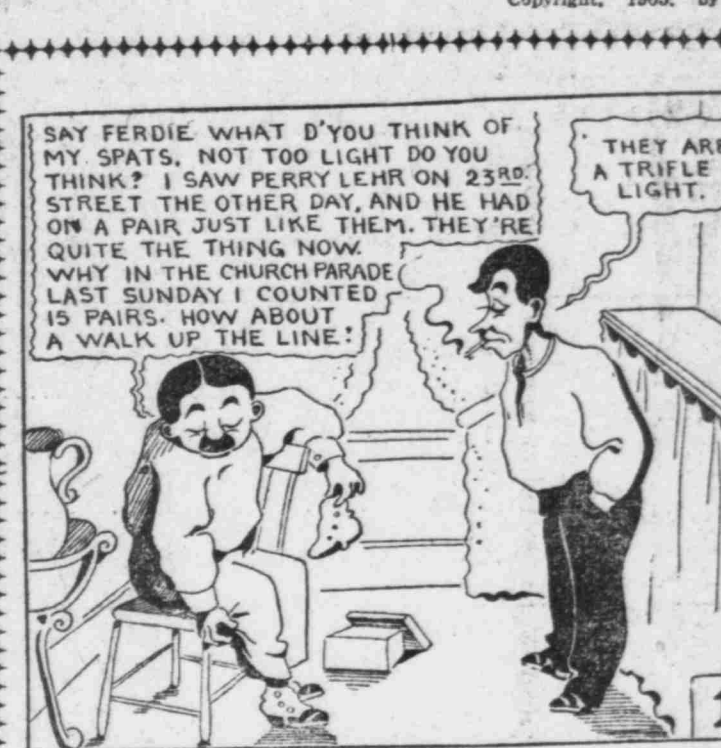


SPOOK—That new chap is awfully stuck up because he used to haunt in a real European castle.

## THE HALL-ROOM BOYS.

THEY DO IT ON \$7.50 PER.

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SAY FERGIE, WHAT D'YOU THINK OF MY SPATS. NOT TOO LIGHT DO YOU THINK? I SAW PERRY LEHR ON 23RD STREET THE OTHER DAY, AND HE HAD ON A PAIR JUST LIKE THEM. THEY'RE QUITE THE THING NOW. WHY IN THE CHURCH PARADE LAST SUNDAY I COUNTED 15 PAIRS. HOW ABOUT A WALK UP THE LINE!



SAY FERGIE, REMEMBER THAT ENGLISH FELLOW WE MET AT C. WHITAWAD'S RECEPTION THE OTHER NIGHT. THE GIRLS SAID HE WAS A REAL DUKE OR SOMETHING. WHAT A STUNNING ACCENT HE HAD. WE OUGHT TO ACQUIRE THE ART IN OUR CONVERSATION. DID YOU NOTICE EVERY OTHER WAS "REALLY Y'KNOW" AND "BAH JOVE." AND HE USED BEASTLY AND STUNNING TIMES TOO. DO YOU THINK THOSE GIRLS NOTICED MY SPATS?



THERE'S SOME OF THE MATINEE GIRLS GETTING ON THAT CAR. LET'S GET ON AND RIDE DOWN AWAYS. I HAVE A COUPLE OF TRANSFERS.



SAY WILL YOUSE FELLERS CUT OUT DAT ALPHONSIN BUSINESS AND GIT ABOARD. AFTER THE LADIES.



SUCH A BEASTLY BORE Y'KNOW, RIDING ON THESE SURFACE CARS. GETS ONE'S CLOTHES ALL COVERED WITH DUST. REALLY Y'KNOW, I MUCH PREFER RIDING IN A HANSOM. BUT THE JOLTING GIVES ME SUCH A BEASTLY HEADACHE Y'KNOW.

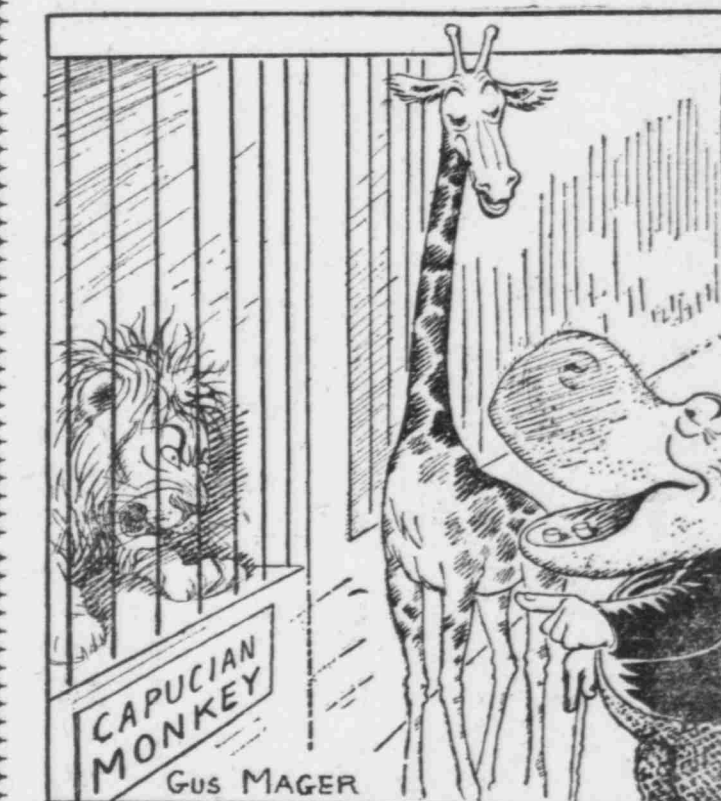


SAY MISTER DAT HELLO HALL-ROOM. WHATS THE MATTER LEFT YOUR TRANSFERS TWO DAYS OLD. GIVE HIM A DIME FERD. I LEFT MY CHANGE IN MY OTHER CLOTHES.

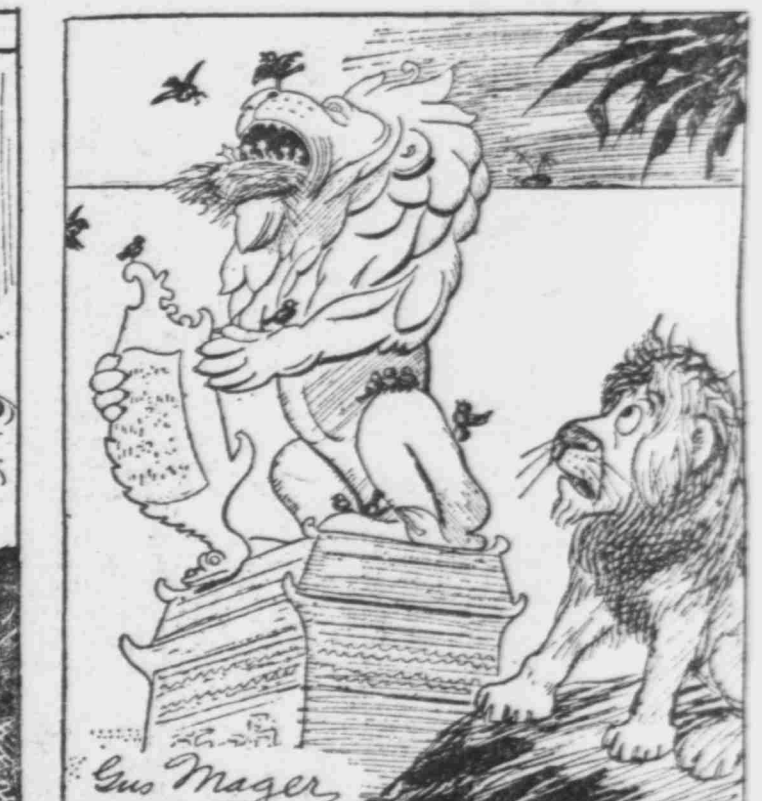
A Pair of Spats and a Time-Expired Transfer.

## IN JUNGLE SOCIETY.

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GIRAFFE—What in thunder makes the lion so mad?  
HIPPO—Why, they forget to change the name on his cage!



LION—If my worthy grandfather knew that the birds were building nests in his statue he'd turn in his grave!

## NOW, WHAT D'YE THINK OF THAT?

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FATHER MOUSE—It's all very well to talk of marriage, my boy, but remember, you will have two to gnaw for instead of one.



Bye, Baby Bunting, papa's gone a-hunting.



Sister's away, and so is Bub.



And mother has gone to a "Mother's Club."



Bye, Baby Bunting.



MRS. MOUSE—Henry, you're late again, and you needn't try to work that trap story any more!